

75
Honori Sacellum.

A
Funeral POEM
TO THE
MEMORY
OF THE
Most NOBLE
HENRY
Duke of Beaufort, &c.

*----- Mors sola fatetur
Quantula sunt hominum corpuscula. -----*

By E. Settle.
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London, Printed for the Author, 1714.

Flower Sachem.

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FUNERAL POEM

TO THE

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OF THE

MORTAL REMAINS



HENRY

Duke of Beaufort, &c.

By J. D. Smith

Printed for the Author, 1714

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A Funeral Poem, &c.

YE Sacred Nine, can ~~Sorrows~~ tune your Choir?
You whom both *Joy* and *Grief* alike inspire,
How Potent must your wondrous Numbers be,
That can make *Harmony* and *Woes* agree?
Nay, and a yet more mystick Pow'r t' assume,
Beyond the *Grave*, and ev'n before the *Womb*,
Th' *Unborn* and *Dead* you joyn; at whose Command
PAST, PRESENT, and to COME, walk Hand in Hand;
Whilst your enlighten'd *Janus* Eyes can see
To both the Poles of wide *Eternity*.

Hark! from the mourning **BADMINTON's** sad Walls
Your Duteous Airs that *hallow'd Subject* calls,
A **BEAUFORT**, such illustrious **HONOUR** Dead;
A *Theme*, that can your utmost Prospect lead
Thro' the vast **THREE**: For lo, th' Original Stock
Of *Inborn* **GLORY**, whence his *Veins* He took:
Next, the all-fragrant *Breath* of **LIFE** He drew,
His **GLORIES** fixt at so sublime a View;

BEAUFORT

BEAUFORT t' a *Crown* and *Kingdom's* **HONOUR** born,
 All that the **COURTIER** or the **PATRIOT** could adorn.
 And last, the falling Dew all Eyes must pay
 At such lamented **VIRTUE's** setting Day.

Around this spacious Field to make your *Tan*,
 The *Muse's* Wing too high can never soar.

Thou then, **URANIA**, fairest of the *Nine*,
 Be thou the Leader in these *Airs* Divine.
 And this bold Task t' essay; let out thy Song
 From the Recorded **WORTHIES** whence He sprung.
 And here, my *Muse*, if thy true *Janus* Eye
 Can backwards to such distant Regions fly;
 To tune the Musick in the **BEAUFORT** Spheres,
 Oh thou'st whole Hundreds of long rowling Years,
 A Pile of *Ages* to repass, to mount
 To the Original **BEAUFORT-GLORY's** Fount.
 Hark how the *Albian* Annals Call to Fame,
 Bids her best *Trump* resound that Honour'd Name,
 Rich with that **CORONET**, whole Massie *Gemms*,
 And pondrous *Honours*, dart their sparkling Beams,

With

With that unbroken Light; so long begun,
 Seven hundred Annual Rounds, one smiling Sun
 Has seen their bright unshaded Circle run.
 Not from the fam'd *PLANTAGENET*'s alone;
 The Great *Descendants* from the *Albion* Throne:
 Not in *Britannia*'s narrower Orb contain'd,
 The *BEAUFORT STOCK*, ev'n doubly *Royal-vein'd*,
 Their yet remoter spreading *GLORIES* shine
 Down from th' Imperial Crown of *Palestine*.
 The First Great Founder of that Noblest *RACE*,
 Did fair *Jerusalem*'s proud Scepter grace.
 The *Monarch* Glorious, but the *HERO* more,
 His Crest even *Judah*'s Champion *Lion* bore:
 When in Heav'n's Cause, his *Christian* Sword long try'd,
 Deep in the Gore of Infidels he dy'd.

Justly by Heav'n decreed, the *BEAUFORT Line*
 Shou'd from the *HERO* date it's *SOURCE Divine*.
 Not the *Crown'd* only, but the *Laurell'd* Head,
 To found such *WORTH* shou'd the first Influence shed.
 For vast *ORIGINALS*, th' All-thinking Pow'r,
 Wisely selects some great Creation Hour.

To mould a *BEAUFORT*, from some sacred Mine
 Of *Glory*, does th' uncommon Oar refine.
 'Midst Heav'n's best Aspects, a whole smiling Train,
 Stamps the first Link of the *Immortal Chain*.

Such the Great *BEAUFORT-VEINS*, now, *Muse*, essay
 A Theme yet high'r: The *BEAUFORT-SOUL* display.
 Here not that swelling Task to undertake,
 The Great more Distant *BEAUFORT Wortbies* wake
 From their too Antiquated Beds of Clay;
 Their very Monuments scarce less Dust than they:
 Read but First *CHARLES* his later Volume thro':
 And the unequall'd *BEAUFORT* Wonders view.
 That Prodigy of Faith, *BEAUFORT* alone,
 The Noblest *Champion* of a shaking Throne:
 His profuse *Loyalty* not alone enroll'd;
 Free as his *Veins*, one more fair *Stream* behold:
 Like his *Allegiance* shin'd his flowing *Gold*.
 From that long dreining *Mine*, to *CHARLES* his Aid,
 His *Hundred Tbousands* his Oblation made.
 Here hand him down to *Naseby's* fatal Field,
 When *BEAUFORT*, the lost *CHARLES* last only Shield,

His

His Cause **HIMSELF** the single *Atlas* propt,
 When *Ragland* Walls the Royal Ruines stop.
 Fam'd *Ragland*, and its more fam'd **LORD**, cou'd boast
 The bold Defiance t' a whole Conqu'ring Host;
 Did singly their whole Rebel Torrent stay,
 And held the hungry Blood-hounds at a Bay.
 But tho' his **CHARLES** in *Ragland* Walls immur'd,
 Kind **BEAUFORT** from the Ravenous Gorge secur'd;
 Against strong Fate what cou'd Man's Weakness boast,
 Such Hands but sav'd, what must at last be lost.
 When Heav'n, for a bad World's black Sins alone,
 (The Saint-like Sufferer Himself had none
 To punish,) saw the *Martyr'd* **HEAD** laid low;
 Lookt on, nor rowz'd one Bolt to stop the Blow.

To the Young **BEAUFORT** our sad Lyre now strung,
 Thou from this bright Heroick Lineage sprung,
 Thou their Great **HEIR**, in **BRITAIN**'s Halcion Morn
 In Restor'd **MAJESTY**'s blest *Ara* born;
 A Plant of **GLORY** from so Rich a Bed,
 By such Hereditary Nurture fed:

Thou

Thou who from sad *Rebellion's* long huffish Rage,
 Enter'dst a smiling World's serener Stage.
 Thy Blessings but the Equity of Fate,
 A long indebted Providence, tho' late,
 What to the **ROOT** it owed the **BRANCH** it payd,
 The Shine of Fortune shine, and theirs the Shade.
 Thus with each Radiant **GRACE** adorn'd, a **MIND**
 So Beautified, and *Genius* so Refin'd;
 Enrich'd with every **VIRTUE** that cou'd shine
 Both from his Own, and his Paternal Mine.
 Well might such cherish'd **WORTH** advance so far,
 In the **COURT** *Galaxy* a Rising **STAR**.
 'Twas **POWR'S** meer *Gratitude* that Brow t' adorn.
 They knew a **BEAUFORT** a *Crown-Champion* born:
 An Influence of that attracting Force,
 That the *Crown-Favourite* came but in course.
 Rais'd by these *Merits*, to the *Sovereign* Breast,
 And the *Court-Sphere*, **BEAUFORT** that Darling Guest,
 Such his bright Entry ---- Entry, did I say!
 Yes, to his Glorious Morn so short a Day,
 No more a Ministring Light at **ANNE's** proud Throne;
 The Great Immortals call'd Him to their Own.

Oh

Oh **BEAUFORT**, **BEAUFORT**, to our World thus lost,
What Tears must thy Lamented *Exit* cost!
These Sorrows duteous Payment to recount,
Begin, my Muse, from the Great *Leading Fount*.
Sing from thy **LEEDS** fair **STEM** what Tears must fall.
Her Joys Dear **PARTNER**; Life's best Half; her All
On this Side Heav'n most dear, snatcht from her Side,
What Veil of Sorrow must her Beauties hide.
Up to thy very Throne of Paradise,
Her Widow'd Complaints shall scale thy Bowers of Bliss.
Her Sighs and Tears plead with that mournful Voice,
Till ev'n amidst thy new Eternal Joys,
From that high Throne thou shalt with Pain look down,
To see the trickling Pearl thy *Herse* shall crown.

Nor are the **BADMINTON** sad Walls enough;
Look higher still to **CHELSEA**'s mournful Roof.
For *Grice's* next View, let my bold Muse intrude
To that no less dark Cell of Solitude.
See here a Venerable **BEAUFORT-Brow**
Beneath her pious Load of Sorrows bow.

This Darling BRANCH in a too fatal Hour
In Life's full Spring, cropt in his Vernal Flowr:
Whilst Courts, Thrones, Kingdoms, every Eye look'd up
To that bright WORTH; to see such GLORY drop,
Oh, think how Gloomy an Ascendant reigns
O'er the sad FOUNT of such expiring Veins.
So wounded Vines pour a long weeping Stream;
Till the sick Root dies thro' the bleeding Stem.

From these profounder Sighs, my Muse, descend,
And to a wailing NURS'RY's Plaints attend.
Yes, for the dying BEAUFORT's Funeral Tear,
Ev'n tongueless Nonage is a Mourner here.
His Genial Bed's fair FRUIT, all bath'd their Eyes,
See pious Grief ev'n mixt with *Infant Cryes*;
Round his cold Feet the pretty Sweetness kneel,
With all the Pains such Innocence can feel;
Those Two sweet Miniatures, this Loss to wail,
Born t' a more distant Misery's Entail,
Yes, happy Infancy, thy Head so low,
The humble Cradle lies beneath this Blow.

When

When after some long Suns revolving round,
 To her wide Circle the wing'd Goddess bound,
 With all her waiting Heraldry of Fame,
 (In Justice to a *BEAUFORT*'s deathless Name,
 In some remoter Age, big with a Tear,
 For Tears must be the Debt of Ages here)
 Shall with a *Pleasure* and a *Pain* repeat,
 How *Lov'd* that *WORTHY* shin'd, how *Mourn'd* he set;
 With all the Raptures that bight Theme can yield,
 Runs o'er the Sweets of that once fragrant Field:
 Then from that towering Height, her Wings all dropt,
 Tells 'em, how their Great *Sourse* of *GLORY* stopt:
 Recounts the Fate with all its killing Sounds,
 And opes a new the whole fresh bleeding Wounds;
 Then, then's the Payment of their just Arrears:
 Their Grief's reserv'd for yet more distant Years;
 Alas, the Veins must ripen for their Tears.

Nor is this Blow at home alone so felt,
 How must the distant Eyes of Sorrow melt!
 True *VIRTUE* shines with a diffusive Ray,
 And all sad Eyes one common Tribute pay.

Here,

Here for new Mourners, lo, th' Illustrious DOME
 Where the grac'd PATRIOT in his proudest Plume,
 In WINDSOR's Constellated Sphere fits down,
 The CORONET the Companion of a CROWN.
 Here BEAUFORT's Widow'd Shrine in Sable drest,
 O'er his proud Trophies and his towering Crest,
 No longer shall his Flag of HONOUR wave,
 But hang'd a trailing Streamer o'er his Grave.
 Sure ev'n Third EDWARD's beauteous SARUM here,
 She who the Foundress of a GEM so fair,
 Once dropt a Garter to light up a STAR;
 When from her Orb, her BEAUFORT disappears,
 Breaks her soft Sleep of four long hundred Years,
 To wail her JBWIL by this Darling worn,
 So early from the dying WORTHY torn.
 No less the proud St. JAMES that Orb of POWER
 Commanding ANNA's Fav'rite Sovereign Bower,
 At such a Loss how cou'd He less then wear
 A cloudy Brow, tho' MAJESTY shin'd there!
 Nay from the SOVERAIGN-Breast a Sigh He draws;
 Well She remembers what the Royal CAUSE

Owed

OW'D t' his Great **ANCESTORS**, such the *Crown-Debt*.
And as their whole concentrating **GLORIES** met
In her Young **BEAUFORT** *Hopes* ; from her wet Eye
A Genuine Fount does here a Tear supply.

Such his fair finish'd Race of Life, now turn
My duteous Muse, and wait Him to his Urn.
Now **SARUM**, his Great **RELIQUES** to convey
To his Enstalmment on his Throne of Clay ;
Yes, Honour'd **SARUM**, his Remains *cert* shine ;
Boast the Great **BEAUFORT**'s *Mausoleum* thine.
Preserve Him all thy Own. Nor Time nor Rust
Deface the Mon'ment o'er that sacred Dust.

All thine? Ah no! Think not thy Cell contains
Room for a Dying **BEAUFORT**'s whole Remains.
He leaves a Fame, a living Fame behind,
Not t' humble Temples, narrow Tombs confin'd.
Here lower thy high Pride ; remember still
A Fragrant **MEM'RY** the wide World may fill.

F I N I S.

Henry Jackson

O'D his Great ANCESTORS, such the Cause Deth
And their whole country GLOVES and
In her Young BEARPORT, from her way
A Genuine Form does here a Fair supply

Such his fair friend Race of Life now run
My ducous Mark, and wait Him to his Lin
Now EARL, the Great RELIGIOUS to convey
To his Enrichment on his Throne of Clay
Yes, Henry's EARL, his Royal
Hear the Great BEARPORT, his
I believe them all thy Own, and fine not Hall
Delate the monument of that sacred Deth



All things? Ah no! Think not thy Cell contains
Room for a Deth BEARPORT's whole Remains
He leaves a frame, a living Fame behind
Not a humble Temple, narrow Tomb's confined
Here lower thy high Pride; remember still
A Fugitive MARY the wide World may fill

FINIS